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| The Tragedy of Macbeth |
| [Shakespeare homepage](http://shakespeare.mit.edu/Shakespeare) | [Macbeth](http://shakespeare.mit.edu/macbeth/) | Entire play |

**ACT I**

**SCENE I. A desert place. (4-6 People)**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches*

**First Witch**

When shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

**Second Witch**

When the hurlyburly's done,  
When the battle's lost and won.

**Third Witch**

That will be ere the set of sun.

**First Witch**

Where the place?

**Second Witch**

Upon the heath.

**Third Witch**

There to meet with Macbeth.

**ALL**

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:  
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

**Third Witch**

A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come.

**ALL**

The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine and thrice to mine  
And thrice again, to make up nine.  
Peace! the charm's wound up.

*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

**BANQUO**

How far is't call'd to Forres? What are these  
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her chappy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips: you should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

**MACBETH**

Speak, if you can: what are you?

**First Witch**

All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

**Second Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

**Third Witch**

All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

**BANQUO**

Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favours nor your hate.

**First Witch**

Hail!

**Second Witch**

Hail!

**Third Witch**

Hail!

**First Witch**

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

**Second Witch**

Not so happy, yet much happier.

**Third Witch**

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:  
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

**First Witch**

Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

**MACBETH**

Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:  
By Sinel's death I know I am thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

*Witches vanish*

**BANQUO**

The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither are they vanish'd?

**MACBETH**

Into the air; and what seem'd corporal melted  
As breath into the wind. Would they had stay'd!

**BANQUO**

Were such things here as we do speak about?  
Or have we eaten on the insane root  
That takes the reason prisoner?

**MACBETH**

Your children shall be kings.

**BANQUO**

You shall be king.

**MACBETH**

And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

**BANQUO**

To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

*Enter ROSS and ANGUS*

**ROSS**

The king hath happily received, Macbeth,  
The news of thy success; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend  
Which should be thine or his. As thick as hail  
Came post with post; and every one did bear  
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,  
And pour'd them down before him.

**ANGUS**

We are sent  
To give thee from our royal master thanks;  
Only to herald thee into his sight,  
Not pay thee.

**ROSS**

And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor:  
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!  
For it is thine.

**BANQUO**

What, can the devil speak true?

**MACBETH**

The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you dress me  
In borrow'd robes?

**ANGUS**

Who was the thane lives yet;  
But treasons capital, confess'd and proved,  
Have overthrown him.

**MACBETH**

[Aside] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!  
The greatest is behind.

*To ROSS and ANGUS*

Thanks for your pains.

*To BANQUO*

Do you not hope your children shall be kings,  
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me  
Promised no less to them?

**BANQUO**

That trusted home  
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:  
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
Win us with honest trifles, to betray's  
In deepest consequence.  
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

**MACBETH**

[Aside]

Two truths are told;  
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:  
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion  
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair  
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature? Present fears  
Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function  
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  
But what is not.

**BANQUO**

Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

**MACBETH**

Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought  
With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are register'd where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.

**BANQUO**

Very gladly.

**MACBETH**

Till then, enough. Come, friends.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE V. Inverness. Macbeth's castle. (MONOLOGUE)**

*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter*

**LADY MACBETH**

'They met me in the day of success: and I have  
learned by the perfectest report, they have more in  
them than mortal knowledge. When I burned in desire  
to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in  
the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who  
all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred  
me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that  
shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver  
thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou  
mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being  
ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it  
to thy heart, and farewell.'  
Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;  
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness  
To catch the nearest way: thou wouldst be great;  
Art not without ambition, but without  
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly,  
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,  
And yet wouldst wrongly win: thou'ldst have, great Glamis,  
That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do  
Than wishest should be undone.' Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

The raven himself is hoarse  
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers,  
Wherever in your sightless substances  
You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry 'Hold, hold!'

**SCENE VI. Before Macbeth's castle. (2-3 People)**

*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants*

**DUNCAN**

This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

See, see, our honour'd hostess!  
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love.

**LADY MACBETH**

All our service  
In every point twice done and then done double

**DUNCAN**

Where's the thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

**LADY MACBETH**

Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

**DUNCAN**

Give me your hand;  
Conduct me to mine host: we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess.

*Exeunt*

*Then enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! what news?

**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the chamber?

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely Art thou afeard  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire?

**MACBETH**

Prithee, peace:  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.

**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail!  
But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail.  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only;  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*

**ACT II**

**SCENE I. Court of Macbeth's castle. (MONOLOGUE)**

**MACBETH**

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,  
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one halfworld  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd murder,  
Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace.  
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my whereabout,  
And take the present horror from the time,  
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

*A bell rings*

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*Exit*

**SCENE II. The same. (2 People)**

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;  
What hath quench'd them hath given me fire.  
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms  
Do mock their charge with snores: I have drugg'd  
their possets,  
That death and nature do contend about them,  
Whether they live or die.

**MACBETH**

[Within] Who's there? what, ho!

**LADY MACBETH**

Alack, I am afraid they have awaked,  
And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed  
Confounds us. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done't.

*Enter MACBETH*

My husband!

**MACBETH**

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

**LADY MACBETH**

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.  
Did not you speak?

**MACBETH**

When?

**LADY MACBETH**

Now.

**MACBETH**

As I descended?

**LADY MACBETH**

Ay.

**MACBETH**

This is a sorry sight.

*Looking on his hands*

**LADY MACBETH**

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

**MACBETH**

There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried  
'Murder!'  
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them:  
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them  
Again to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**

There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!  
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast,--

**LADY MACBETH**

What do you mean?

**MACBETH**

Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:  
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor  
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY MACBETH**

You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: go carry them; and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

**MACBETH**

I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again I dare not.

**LADY MACBETH**

Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted devil.

*Exit. Knocking within*

**MACBETH**

Whence is that knocking?  
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather  
The multitudinous seas in incarnadine,  
Making the green one red.

*Re-enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

My hands are of your colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white.  
A little water clears us of this deed:

*Knocking within*

Hark! more knocking.  
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.

**MACBETH**

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

*Knocking within*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III A. The same. (MONOLOGUE)**

*Knocking within. Enter a Porter*

**Porter**

Here's a knocking indeed! If a  
man were porter of hell-gate, he should have  
old turning the key.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of  
Beelzebub? Here's a farmer, that hanged  
himself on the expectation of plenty: come in  
time; have napkins enow about you; here  
you'll sweat for't.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's  
name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could  
swear in both the scales against either scale;  
who committed treason enough for God's sake,  
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come  
in, equivocator.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an  
English tailor come hither, for stealing out of  
a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may  
roast your goose.

*Knocking within*

Knock,  
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But  
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter  
it no further: I had thought to have let in  
some of all professions that go the primrose  
way to the everlasting bonfire.

*Knocking within*

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

*Opens the gate*

**SCENE III B. The same. (3-5 People)**

*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX*

**MACDUFF**

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?

**Porter**

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the  
second cock: and drink, sir, is a great  
provoker of three things.

**MACDUFF**

What three things does drink especially provoke?

**Porter**

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and  
urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes;  
it provokes the desire, but it takes  
away the performance: therefore, much drink  
may be said to be an equivocator with lechery:  
it makes him, and it mars him; it sets  
him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him,  
and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and  
not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him  
in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

**MACDUFF**

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

**Porter**

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on  
me: but I requited him for his lie; and, I  
think, being too strong for him, though he took  
up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast  
him.

**MACDUFF**

Is thy master stirring?

*Enter MACBETH*

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

**LENNOX**

Good morrow, noble sir.

**MACBETH**

Good morrow, both.

**MACDUFF**

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

**MACBETH**

Not yet.

**LENNOX**

The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combustion and confused events  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

**MACBETH**

'Twas a rough night.

*Re-enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart  
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

**MACBETH**

What's the matter.

**MACDUFF**

Confusion now hath made his masterpiece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope!

**MACBETH**

What is 't you say? the life?

**LENNOX**

Mean you his majesty?

**MACDUFF**

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon: do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.

*Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX*

Awake, awake!  
Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!  
As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,  
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

*Bell rings*

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

**LADY MACBETH**

What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? speak, speak!

**MACDUFF**

O gentle lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.  
Our royal master 's murder'd!

**LADY MACBETH**

Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS*

**MACBETH**

Had I but died an hour before this chance,  
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There 's nothing serious in mortality:  
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;

**LENNOX**

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done 't:  
Their hands and faces were an badged with blood;  
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found  
Upon their pillows:  
They stared, and were distracted; no man's life  
Was to be trusted with them.

**MACBETH**

O, yet I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

**MACDUFF**

Wherefore did you so?

**MACBETH**

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,  
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? Here lay Duncan,  
His silver skin laced with his golden blood;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature  
For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers,  
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,  
That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
Courage to make 's love kno wn?

**LADY MACBETH**

Help me hence, ho!

**MACDUFF**

Look to the lady.

**MACBETH**

Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

**ALL**

Well contented.

**ACT III**

**SCENE I. Forres. The palace. (3-4 People)**

*Enter BANQUO*

**BANQUO**

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,  
Thou play'dst most foully for't: yet it was said  
It should not stand in thy posterity,  
But that myself should be the root and father  
Of many kings. If there come truth from them--  
As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--  
Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
May they not be my oracles as well,  
And set me up in hope? But hush! no more.

*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king*

**MACBETH**

To-night we hold a solemn supper sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

**BANQUO**

Let your highness  
Command upon me.

**MACBETH**

Ride you this afternoon?

**BANQUO**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

We should have else desired your good advice,  
Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
Is't far you ride?

**BANQUO**

As far, my lord, as will fill up the time  
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night  
For a dark hour or twain.

**MACBETH**

Fail not our feast.

**BANQUO**

My lord, I will not.

**MACBETH**

We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England and in Ireland, not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention.

I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs. Farewell.

*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an attendant*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men  
Our pleasure?

**ATTENDANT**

They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

**MACBETH**

Bring them before us.

*Exit Attendant*

To be thus is nothing;  
But to be safely thus.--Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear: and, under him,  
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him: then prophet-like  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.  
Rather than so, come fate into the list.  
And champion me to the utterance! Who's there!

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers*

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

*Exit Attendant*

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

**First Murderer**

It was, so please your highness.

**MACBETH**

Well then, now  
Have you consider'd of my speeches? Know  
That it was Banquo in the times past which held you  
So under fortune, which you thought had been  
Our innocent self: this I made good to you  
In our last conference, pass'd in probation with you.

**First Murderer**

You made it known to us.

**MACBETH**

Do you find your patience so predominant in your nature  
That you can let this go?

**First Murderer**

We are men, my liege.

**MACBETH** .  
I will put this business in your bosoms,  
Whose execution takes your enemy off,  
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
Which in his death were perfect.

**Second Murderer**

I am one, my liege,  
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
Have so incensed that I am reckless what  
I do to spite the world.

**First Murderer**

And I another  
So weary with disasters, tugg'd with fortune,  
That I would set my lie on any chance,  
To mend it, or be rid on't.

**MACBETH**

Both of you  
Know Banquo was your enemy.

**Both Murderers**

True, my lord.

**MACBETH**

So is he mine, and though I could  
With barefaced power sweep him from my sight  
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,  
For sundry weighty reasons.

**Second Murderer**

We shall, my lord,  
Perform what you command us.

**First Murderer**

Though our lives--

**MACBETH**

Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;  
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work--  
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
Whose absence is no less material to me  
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:  
I'll come to you anon.

**Both Murderers**

We are resolved, my lord.

**MACBETH**

I'll call upon you straight: abide within.

*Exeunt Murderers*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
If it find heaven, must find it out to-night.

*Exit*

**SCENE IV. The same. Hall in the palace. (3-5 People)**

*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

You know your own degrees; sit down: at first  
And last the hearty welcome.

**LADY MACBETH**

Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;  
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

*First Murderer appears at the door*

**MACBETH**

There's blood on thy face.

**First Murderer**

'Tis Banquo's then.

**MACBETH**

'Tis better thee without than he within.  
Is he dispatch'd?

**First Murderer**

My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

**MACBETH**

Thou art the best o' the cut-throats: yet he's good  
That did the like for Fleance: if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

**First Murderer**

Most royal sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

**MACBETH**

Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect,  
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,  
As broad and general as the casing air:  
But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, bound in  
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

**First Murderer**

Ay, my good lord: safe in a ditch he bides,  
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;

**MACBETH**

Thanks for that:  
There the grown serpent lies;   
We'll hear, ourselves, again.

*Exit Murderer*

**LADY MACBETH**

My royal lord,  
You do not give the cheer.

**MACBETH**

Sweet remembrancer!  
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!

**LENNOX**

May't please your highness sit.

*The GHOST OF BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place*

**MACBETH**

Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,  
Were the graced person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness  
Than pity for mischance!

**ROSS**

His absence, sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your highness  
To grace us with your royal company.

**MACBETH**

The table's full.

**ROSS**

Here is a place reserved, sir.

**MACBETH**

Where?

**ROSS**

Here, my good lord. What is't that moves your highness?

**MACBETH**

Which of you have done this?

Thou canst not say I did it: never shake  
Thy gory locks at me.

**ROSS**

Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

**LADY MACBETH**

Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,  
And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well. Are you a man?

**MACBETH**

Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appal the devil.

**LADY MACBETH**

O proper stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,  
Led you to Duncan.  
You look but on a stool.

**MACBETH**

Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
how say you?  
Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

**LADY MACBETH**

Fie, for shame!

My worthy lord,  
Your noble friends do lack you.

**MACBETH**

I do forget.  
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,  
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;  
Then I'll sit down.

*Re-enter GHOST OF BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold!

**LADY MACBETH**

Think of this, good peers,  
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;  
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

**MACBETH**

Why, so: being gone,  
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

**LADY MACBETH**

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,  
With most admired disorder.

**MACBETH**

Can such things be,  
When now I think you can behold such sights,  
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
When mine is blanched with fear.

**ROSS**

What sights, my lord?

**LADY MACBETH**

I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;  
Question enrages him. At once, good night:  
Stand not upon the order of your going,  
But go at once. A kind good night to all!

*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood:  
Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use:  
We are yet but young in deed.

*Exeunt*

**ACT IV**

**SCENE I. A cavern. In the middle, a boiling cauldron. (3-4 People)**

*Thunder. Enter the three Witches*

**First Witch**

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

**Second Witch**

Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

**Third Witch**

Harpier cries 'Tis time, 'tis time.

**First Witch**

Round about the cauldron go;  
In the poison'd entrails throw.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

**Second Witch**   
Eye of newt and toe of frog,  
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,  
For a charm of powerful trouble,  
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**Third Witch**

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,  
Witches' mummy, maw and gulf  
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

**ALL**

Double, double toil and trouble;  
Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

**Second Witch**

Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes.  
Open, locks,  
Whoever knocks!

*Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!  
What is't you do?

**ALL**

A deed without a name.

**MACBETH**

I conjure you, by that which you profess,  
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me:  
To what I ask you.

**First Witch**

Speak.

**Second Witch**

Demand.

**Third Witch**

We'll answer.

**First Witch**

Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet throw  
Into the flame.

**ALL**

Come, high or low;  
Thyself and office deftly show!

*Thunder.*

**MACBETH**

Tell me, thou unknown powers,--

**First Witch**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;  
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

**MACBETH**

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright: but one  
word more,--

*Thunder.*

**Second Witch**

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn  
The power of man, for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth.

**MACBETH**

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?  
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.

*Thunder.* .

**Third Witch**

Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him.

*Descends*

**MACBETH**

That will never be  
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art  
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

**ALL**

Seek to know no more.

**MACBETH**

I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

*Hautboys*

*Enter the GHOST OF BANQUO*

**MACBETH**

Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!  
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls. Filthy hags!  
Why do you show me this?   
Horrible sight!

The blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me.

*GHOST OF BANQUO vanishes*

**First Witch**

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,  
And show the best of our delights:  
I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antic round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

*Music. The witches dance and then vanish*

**MACBETH**

Where are they? Gone? Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENNOX*

**LENNOX**

What's your grace's will?

**MACBETH**

Saw you the weird sisters?

**LENNOX**

No, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Came they not by you?

**LENNOX**

No, indeed, my lord.

**MACBETH**

Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

**LENNOX**

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word  
Macduff is fled to England.

**MACBETH**

Fled to England!

**LENNOX**

Ay, my good lord.

**MACBETH**

From this moment  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:  
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. England. Before the King's palace. (3 People)**

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF*

**MALCOLM**

Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

**MACDUFF**

Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom.

**MALCOLM**   
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest: you have loved him well.  
He hath not touch'd you yet

**MACDUFF**

I am not treacherous.

**MALCOLM**

But Macbeth is.

**MACDUFF**

I have lost my hopes.

**MALCOLM**

Perchance even there where I did find my doubts.  
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,  
Without leave-taking?

**MACDUFF**

Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
The title is affeer'd! Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

**MALCOLM**

Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds.

**MACDUFF**

Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to top Macbeth.

**MALCOLM**

I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name.

**MACDUFF**

Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne  
And fall of many kings.

**MALCOLM**

Devilish Macbeth  
By many of these trains hath sought to win me  
Into his power. Before thy here-approach,  
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
Already at a point, was setting forth.  
Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel!

*Enter ROSS*

**MACDUFF**

See, who comes here?

**MALCOLM**

My countryman; but yet I know him not.

**MACDUFF**

My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

**MALCOLM**

I know him now. Good God, betimes remove  
The means that makes us strangers!

**ROSS**

Sir, amen.

**MACDUFF**

Stands Scotland where it did?

**ROSS**

Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave;  
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air  
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives  
Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying or ere they sicken.

**MACDUFF**

O, relation  
Too nice, and yet too true!

**MALCOLM**

What's the newest grief?

**ROSS**

That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker:  
Each minute teems a new one.

**MACDUFF**

How does my wife?

And all my children?

**ROSS**

Would I could answer  
With comfort, but I have words  
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
Where hearing should not latch them.

**MACDUFF**

What concern they?  
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief  
Due to some single breast?

**ROSS**

No mind that's honest  
But in it shares some woe; though the main part  
Pertains to you alone.

**MACDUFF**

If it be mine,  
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

**ROSS**

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,  
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
That ever yet they heard.

Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes  
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

**MALCOLM**

Merciful heaven!  
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

**MACDUFF**

My children too?

**ROSS**

Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

**MACDUFF**

And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

**ROSS**

I have said.

Be comforted:  
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

**MACDUFF**

He has no children. All my pretty ones?  
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?  
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam  
At one fell swoop?

**MALCOLM**

Dispute it like a man.

**MACDUFF**

I shall do so;  
But I must also feel it as a man: Sinful Macduff,  
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,  
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

**MALCOLM**

Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

**MACDUFF**   
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;  
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
Heaven forgive him too!

**MALCOLM**

This tune goes manly.  
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
Our lack is nothing but our leave; Macbeth  
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:  
The night is long that never finds the day.

*Exeunt*

**ACT V**

**SCENE I. Dunsinane. Ante-room in the castle. (3 People)**

*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman*

**Doctor**

I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive  
no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

**Gentlewoman**

Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen  
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon  
her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it,  
write upon't, read it, afterwards seal it, and again  
return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

**Doctor**

A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once  
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of  
watching! In this slumbery agitation, besides her  
walking and other actual performances, what, at any  
time, have you heard her say?

**Gentlewoman**

That, sir, which I will not report after her.

**Doctor**

You may to me: and 'tis most meet you should.

**Gentlewoman**

Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to  
confirm my speech.

*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise;  
and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

You see, her eyes are open.

**Gentlewoman**

Ay, but their sense is shut.

**Doctor**

What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

**Gentlewoman**

It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus  
washing her hands: I have known her continue in  
this a quarter of an hour.

**LADY MACBETH**

Yet here's a spot.

**Doctor**

Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from  
her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

**LADY MACBETH**

Out, damned spot! out, I say!--One: two: why,  
then, 'tis time to do't.--Hell is murky!--Fie, my  
lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we  
fear who knows it, when none can call our power to  
account?--Yet who would have thought the old man  
to have had so much blood in him.

**Doctor**

Do you mark that?

**LADY MACBETH**

The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?--  
What, will these hands ne'er be clean?--No more o'  
that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with  
this starting.

**Doctor**

Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

**Gentlewoman**

She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of  
that: heaven knows what she has known.

**LADY MACBETH**

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the  
perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little  
hand. Oh, oh, oh!

**Doctor**

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

**Gentlewoman**

I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the  
dignity of the whole body.

**Doctor**

This disease is beyond my practise: yet I have known  
those which have walked in their sleep who have died  
holily in their beds.

**LADY MACBETH**

Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so  
pale.--I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he  
cannot come out of the grave.

**Doctor**

Even so?

**LADY MACBETH**

To bed, to bed! there's knocking at the gate:  
come, come, come, come, give me your hand. What's  
done cannot be undone.--To bed, to bed, to bed!

*Exit*

**Doctor**

Will she go now to bed?

**Gentlewoman**

Directly.

**Doctor**

Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds  
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:  
More needs she the divine than the physician.  
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight.  
I think, but dare not speak.

**Gentlewoman**

Good night, good doctor.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE III. Dunsinane. A room in the castle. (3-4 People)**

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants*

**MACBETH**

Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?  
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know  
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:  
'Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman  
Shall e'er have power upon thee.

*Enter a Servant*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!  
Where got'st thou that goose look?

**Servant**

There is ten thousand--

**MACBETH**

Geese, villain!

**Servant**

Soldiers, sir.

The English force, so please you.

**MACBETH**

Go prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
Thou lily-liver'd boy. Take thy face hence.

*Exit Servant*

Seyton!-- This push  
Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.  
I have lived long enough: my way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;  
And that which should accompany old age,  
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,  
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!

*Enter SEYTON*

**SEYTON**

What is your gracious pleasure?

**MACBETH**

What news more?

**SEYTON**

All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

**MACBETH**

I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.  
Give me my armour.

**SEYTON**

'Tis not needed yet.

**MACBETH**

I'll put it on.Give me mine armour.  
How does your patient, doctor?

**Doctor**

Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

**MACBETH**

Cure her of that.  
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

**Doctor**

Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

**MACBETH**

Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff.

Doctor,what rhubarb, cyme, or what purgative drug,  
Would scour these English hence? Hear'st thou of them?

**Doctor**

Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
Makes us hear something.

**MACBETH**

Bring it after me.  
I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

**Doctor**

[Aside] Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,  
Profit again should hardly draw me here.

*Exit Doctor*

**MACBETH**

Hang out our banners on the outward walls;  
The cry is still 'They come:' our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie  
Till famine and the ague eat them up:

*A cry of women within*

What is that noise?

**SEYTON**

It is the cry of women, my good lord.

*Exit*

**MACBETH**

I have almost forgot the taste of fears;  
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts  
Cannot once start me.

*Re-enter SEYTON*

Wherefore was that cry?

**SEYTON**

The queen, my lord, is dead.

**MACBETH**

She should have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more: it is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.

*Enter a Messenger*

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

**Messenger**

Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which I say I saw,  
But know not how to do it.

**MACBETH**

Well, say, sir.

**Messenger**

As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

**MACBETH**

Liar and slave!

**Messenger**

Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile may you see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

**MACBETH**

If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee:  now a wood  
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!.  
Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

*Exeunt*

**SCENE VII. Another part of the field. (5-6 People)**

*Alarums. Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course. What's he  
That was not born of woman? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter YOUNG SIWARD*

**YOUNG SIWARD**

What is thy name?

**MACBETH**

Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name  
Than any is in hell.

**MACBETH**

My name's Macbeth.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

The devil himself could not pronounce a title  
More hateful to mine ear.

**MACBETH**

No, nor more fearful.

**YOUNG SIWARD**

Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword  
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

*They fight and YOUNG SIWARD is slain*

**MACBETH**

Thou wast born of woman  
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born.

*Exit*

*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!  
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hired to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth,  
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge  
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!  
And more I beg not.

*Exit. Alarums*

*Enter MALCOLM and SIWARD*

**SIWARD**

This way, my lord; the castle's gently render'd:  
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

**MALCOLM**

We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

**SIWARD**

Enter, sir, the castle.

*Exeunt. Alarums*. *Enter MACBETH*

**MACBETH**

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Enter MACDUFF*

**MACDUFF**

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

**MACBETH**

Of all men else I have avoided thee:  
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged  
With blood of thine already.

**MACDUFF**

I have no words:  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out!

*They fight*

**MACBETH**

Thou losest labour:  
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed:  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield,  
To one of woman born.

**MACDUFF**

Despair thy charm;  
And let the angel whom thou still hast served  
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

**MACBETH**

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man!  
 I'll not fight with thee.

**MACDUFF**

Then yield thee, coward,  
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time:  
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,  
Painted on a pole, and underwrit,  
'Here may you see the tyrant.'

**MACBETH**

I will not yield,  
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,  
Yet I will try the last. Before my body  
I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,  
And damn'd be him that first cries, 'Hold, enough!'

*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums*

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers*

**MALCOLM**

I would the friends we miss were safe arrived.

**SIWARD**

Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

**MALCOLM**

Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

**ROSS**

Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only lived but till he was a man;  
But like a man he died.

**SIWARD**

Then he is dead?

**ROSS**

Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow  
Must not be measured by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

**SIWARD**

Had he his hurts before?

**ROSS**

Ay, on the front.

**SIWARD**

Why then, God's soldier be he!  
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so, his knell is knoll'd.  
And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH's head*

**MACDUFF**

Hail, king! for so thou art: behold, where stands  
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
That speak my salutation in their minds;  
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:  
Hail, King of Scotland!

**ALL**

Hail, King of Scotland!

**MALCOLM**

We shall not spend a large expense of time  
Before calling home our exiled friends abroad  
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
Producing forth the cruel ministers  
Of this dead butcher and his fiend-like queen,  
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
Took off her life;   
We will perform in measure, time and place:  
So, thanks to all at once and to each one,  
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

*Flourish. Exeunt*